

Uniform

Shandon

See black, see yellow with little notebooks drawn
See gray stripes bowling down the street
Silver streaks and T-shirts so precisely torn
Strange foreign chaps in white bed-sheets
 Uniforms, uniforms
See golden haloed men of high renown
 Prance to the politicians' beat
Well tailored in unswerving elegance
 With shoes by Gucci on their feet
 Uniforms, uniforms
How do you know who the hell you are?
 Wake up each day under a different star
Dressed to the nines, meet yourself going home
like a clone, smartly dressed in your pressed uniform
 Uniforms, uniforms
White battle dress on green pitch, proud eleven
 Beneath the swelling box so neat
The teeming millions of the future fly
 The spinning cricket ball to cheat
 There are uniform, uniform
 All uniform

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